

# The Pascagoula Democrat-Star

PORT OF PASCAGOULA

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1879.

TERMS—\$2 50 per Annum, in Advance.

NUMBER 7.

## REGULAR TERMS.

CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.  
JAMES S. FORD, District Attorney.

Lauderdale county, second Monday in January and August, continuing 18 days.  
Kemper county, first Monday in March and September, continuing 12 days.  
Clatsop county, third Monday in March and September, continuing 12 days.  
Wayne county, first Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Greene county, second Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Perry county, third Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Marion county, fourth Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Hancock county, first Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, continuing 12 days.  
Harrison county, third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Jackson county, fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, continuing 12 days.

CHANCERY COURT—7TH DISTRICT.

GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

Jackson county, first Monday of March and September, continuing 6 days.  
Harrison county, second Monday in March and September, continuing 6 days.  
Hancock county, third Monday in March and September, continuing 6 days.  
Harris county, fourth Monday in March and September, continuing 6 days.  
Perry county, first Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Greene county, second Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Wayne county, fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, continuing 6 days.  
Clarke county, first Monday in May and November, continuing 6 days.  
Lauderdale county, third Monday of May and November, continuing 12 days.  
Kemper county, second Monday in May and November, continuing 6 days.  
Monthly Rules of Chancery Court on the second Monday in each month.

## PROFESSIONAL.

**Dr. B. F. Travis,**

Augusta, Perry County, Mississippi.  
Having located permanently at Augusta, Mississippi, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country.

**Dr. John J. Harry,**  
Hanksboro, Miss.

Having located permanently in Hanksboro, Mississippi, respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Hanksboro, Mississippi City, Stoneville, and surrounding country.

**Dr. D. C. Case,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Having permanently located at Ocean Springs, Mississippi, respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of the town and surrounding country. Thirty years extensive experience in the valley of the Mississippi and in the city of New Orleans, enables him to offer his professional experience as consulting physician to the members of the fraternity who are practicing at the towns along the coast.

**R. Seal,**

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Mississippi City, Miss.  
Practices in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**C. R. Wood,**

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Miss Point, Miss.  
Practices in the Courts of Jackson, Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.

**Dr. A. K. Northrop,**  
DENTAL SURGEON.

Office at Pass Christian, Miss.  
Will visit all points upon the Coast, giving notice whenever he moves, at present at Pass Christian.

**Roderick Seal, H. Bloomfield,**  
**Seal & Bloomfield,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
Scranton, Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of Jackson county, Mississippi. Each partner will continue to practice in his individual capacity in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**Ben Lane Posey,**

LAWYER,  
Bay St. Louis, Hancock County, Miss.

Will attend regularly the courts in Hancock, Harrison and Jackson counties, and will attend all calls from any of these counties at any time.  
N. B.—Has had twenty-five years experience in a general practice of law in all the courts.  
Special attention to collections, and to the securing and enforcement of doubtful and bad debts, by new and original methods.

**J. P. Carter,**

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Augusta, Perry County, Miss.  
Will practice in the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**F. N. Blount M. D.,**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Pascagoula, Scranton and Moss Point.

Office—On Pascagoula street, opposite the railroad crossing, Scranton. Hours—10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and 5 to 7 P. M. Residence at the Sea-shore.

**Dr. W. D. Bragg,**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Is permanently located at Moss Point, Miss., and will practice in the town and country.  
Office at C. S. Stewart's Drug Store.

## PASS CHRISTIAN.

**E. E. Jordy, N. E. Bailey, Jr.,**  
Pass Christian, New Orleans.

**JORDY'S  
Cheap Store!**

Pass Christian, Miss.

**NO BRANCHES!**

**Fresh Stock!**

**Lower Prices!**

**We Sell as Low as New**

**Orleans all Kinds of**

**Groceries,**

**Dry Goods,**

**NOTIONS, SHOES, HATS,**

**HARDWARE,**

**Willoware, Woodenware,**

**Crockery, Tinware.**

**STOVES! STOVES!**

**Cheapest in the State!**

**We Buy for Cash:**

WOOL, COTTON,  
HIDES, TALLOW,  
SACKS, REESWAX,  
GAME AND POULTRY.

**NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE!**

**We Stand on Our Own Merits.**

**TRY US!**

**E. E. JORDY & CO.**  
April 25, 1879. 10-15

**TRIED AND TRUE.**

A HAUGHTY WOMAN REBUKED BY A FAITHFUL IRISH GIRL.

"Kathleen, is it possible that you are crying again! Did I not tell you that I would discharge you if I found you indulging in that foolish whimper any more?"

Poor Kathleen O'Neil had been dressing the elegantly furnished drawing room, and she stood before an exquisite little painting of one of the blue, sparkling Irish lakes, set in gold-green shades with a sky beyond like liquid amber—stood with her apron to her eyes.

"An excellent one. I can trust Natalia as I would myself." "You are fortunate," said the doctor. He had scarcely closed the door, when Natalia came to her mistress.

"My month expires to-morrow, madam; will you pay me my wages and let me take my departure at once?"

"But, Natalia, the baby is sick—" "One's first duty is to one's self; would not risk the infection for twice what you pay me."

And Natalia packed her trunk and departed without coming into the nursery to bid little Clarence good-bye.

The cook was the next to give warning. Matilda, the landress, took herself off without any preliminary ceremony.

"I am going, too," said the seamstress. "Mrs. Arnott wouldn't have lifted her finger if we'd been aye, and I believe in doing to others as they do to me."

And almost before she knew it, the stricken mother was left alone by the bedside of her suffering babe. Neighbors crossed on the other side of the street like Priests and Levites of old; friends contented themselves with sending to enquire; even hired nurses avoided the malignant fever.

"Is there no one to help me?" she moaned, wringing her white jeweled hands together. "Have all pity and womanly sympathy died out of the world?"

A slight noise caused her to turn, and Kathleen O'Neil was at her side, busy arranging the table.

"I thought you, too, had gone, Kathleen!" she cried.

"Sore, ma'am, what should I be going for? I and the bits of children sick, and you in sore trouble! I nursed the brothers and sisters at home, and I know just what needs to be done."

"I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea," said Mrs. Arnott, "and then perhaps we should have a chance to hire Swedes, or Chinese, or somebody that would at least earn their bread. Is that you, Kathleen? Why don't you bring in the ice water at once, instead of standing there?"

Kathleen obeyed; but the dreary, homesick feeling that thrilled through all her pulses can hardly be described.

"If I was only at home again," she thought, "where the poorest and meanest have a kind word for each other. They scorn and hate me here; and sure, I've tried to do my best, but the lady has a heart of stone, and even the little children in the nursery, with their French maid, make fun of Irish Kathleen."

And this lone exile wept herself to sleep on her solitary pillow that night. It was a mere closet of a room, without light or ventilation, that she occupied. Mrs. Arnott thought any place good enough for Kathleen. The bed was hard, and insufficiently provided with clothing, but Mrs. Arnott said carelessly, "twas no doubt a great deal better than she was accustomed to at home. And she had just paid a large sum for draping the drawing room windows with lace and brocade, so, of course, there was nothing left for such a trifle as the comfort of her servants."

"Is Kathleen sick, mamma?" little Julia Arnott asked one day. "She cries so much and looks so white."

Mr. Arnott, a stout built, good natured man of forty or thereabouts, glanced up from his paper.

"What does the child mean, Lucretia? I hope you look a little after your girls."

"Of course I do. Kathleen is a silent, sullen thing, and I shall discharge her next month. Natalia has a sister who wants a place."

"Has she any friends in the country—Kathleen, I mean?"

"Not that I know of."

"Seems to me I wouldn't discharge her then. It would be rather hard, unless she is guilty of some fault."

Mrs. Arnott bit her lip.

"Gentlemen understand nothing of the management of a household," said she, tartly. "These girls haven't our sensitive natures, either. They are quite used to knocking around the world. Are you going down town now?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd stop and ask Dr. Hart to stop here this morning; little Clarence is feverish."

"Anything serious?"

"I hope not," the mother answered, "but I like to take these things in time."

Dr. Hart leaned over Clarence's little crib. He involuntarily uttered the name of some malignant type of fever just then raging in the city.

"I wish that you had sent for me before. I fear it is too late to secure the exemption of your little ones. But with constant care we may save the little fellow. You have a good nurse?"

"An excellent one. I can trust Natalia as I would myself."

"You are fortunate," said the doctor. He had scarcely closed the door, when Natalia came to her mistress.

"My month expires to-morrow, madam; will you pay me my wages and let me take my departure at once?"

"But, Natalia, the baby is sick—" "One's first duty is to one's self; would not risk the infection for twice what you pay me."

And Natalia packed her trunk and departed without coming into the nursery to bid little Clarence good-bye.

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"I am going, too," said the seamstress. "Mrs. Arnott wouldn't have lifted her finger if we'd been aye, and I believe in doing to others as they do to me."

And she took little Clarence in her arms with a soft tenderness that went to the mother's heart.

"Are you not afraid, Kathleen?" "What should I be afraid of, ma'am? Isn't God's sky over us all, whether it's the green banks of Ireland, or the church steeple of this great, confusing city?"

O, ma'am, He'll not take bonny baby from us. All Mrs. Arnott's children had the fever—last of all she was prostrated by it—and Kathleen watched over every one, faithful, true and tender.

"Kathleen," Mrs. Arnott said the first day she sat up, the Irish girl arranging the pillows about her wasted form. "Oh! Kathleen, I don't deserve this."

"Sore, ma'am, if we all had our deserts in this world, it's a sorry place it would be, I'm thinking," laughed Kathleen.

"But, Kathleen, I was cruel to you—so perfectly heartless!"

"We won't talk of it, ma'am."

"But say just once that you forgive me!" pleaded the lady once so haughty.

"I forgive you, ma'am as free as the sunshine," Kathleen answered softly.

"And you'll stay with me always and be my friend, Kathleen?"

"If God will it, ma'am."

And Mrs. Arnott put her lips to kiss the fresh, cool cheeks of Irish Kathleen.

The years that have passed since then have made men and women of the little people that Kathleen nursed through the fever, and strangers visiting Mrs. Arnott scarcely know what to make of the plump, comely, middle-aged woman who moves about the house apparently at home in it as the mistress herself—who is consulted about everything trusted with all secrets.

"Is she housekeeper, or a servant or relative?" some one once asked.

Mrs. Arnott replied—"She is my true and trusted friend, Kathleen O'Neil."

**The Man Who Makes a Newspaper.**  
Howard Owen, of the Kenebec, (Me.) Journal, has a lecture on "The Man Who Makes a Newspaper," and in it he comes across some first-rate ideas. Most people imagine that a newspaper is a huge dial with which certain individuals are to be lashed. The person on whom the lash is to be used, is very multitudinous. He may be a poor actor, a tiresome lecturer, a dull speaker, an unmusical singer, a troublesome neighbor, in fact any one who happens to offend the man who comes up to get the paper to "go for him." Sometimes a person wishes to use the paper against a railroad company, the management of a steam-boat line, the city council, or the United States government. A Detroit man left the Free Press office in high dudgeon some time since because he was not allowed to rake the Almighty, in the columns of that paper. Mr. Owen, gives the following letter from a man who wanted the paper delicately to insinuate that his neighbor is not the most desirable person in the world to live next to, and who writes the following unobtrusive note: Here, Mr. Editor, please insert this item and oblige a subscriber. "The rantankerous old curmudgeon, whose pestilential influence poisons the Broad street, has of late been engaged in questionable transactions for the purpose of adding to his ill-gotten gains. Murder is in the heart of the pestiferous old cuss, but the miserable blatherskite lacks the courage to execute it." Put that in as an editorial and don't let any one know who wrote it.

**Southerners in Northern Prisons.**  
Washington Cor. Balt. more Sun.

Frequent complaint has been made that persons sentenced by the United States courts in the South to imprisonment in the penitentiaries in the North are seriously and often permanently injured in health by reasons of the rigor of a climate to which they are unaccustomed. To-day Mr. Vance introduced a bill in the senate providing that all persons sentenced to imprisonment by the United States courts shall be confined in the penitentiaries or jails of the States in which the courts are held, if said States will furnish the necessary accommodations.

The New York Times is the only bloody-shirt organ which doesn't see how political capital can be made for the republican party out of the "exodus," and it ventures to suggest that "such a movement is not a fit thing for partisanship to play with." Coming from a partisan journal, this is significant, but even bloody-shirt editors know that if they play with edged tools they will cut their fingers.

Subscribe for the DEMOCRAT-STAR.

## Natural History—The Baby.

Detroit Free Press.

"What animal is this?" "This is a baby. He is now about three years old, and at the wickedest point of his earthly career."

"What countries does the baby most inhabit?" "He can be found in every inhabited country of the globe, the same as mosquitoes and boils."

"Can they be tamed?" "Yes, quite easily. After a little judicious discipline they cease to struggle and become subservient to the will of man."

"Does the baby eat grass?" "Yes, or anything else. They swallow pocket knives, thimbles, buttons, spoons or any other object a little smaller than a teacup. If offered milk they seldom refuse it."

"Do they graze during the day, or only at night?" "They are always grazing, paying not the least heed to the hour. When not actually eating they generally give utterance to a peculiar cry. Strong men often jump out of bed at midnight in the coldest weather when hearing this cry."

"What meaning is attached to this cry?" "Men of deepest thought have agreed that it signifies to wake up the neighborhood and have some fun."

"Of what benefit to mankind is a domesticated baby?" "They are of no earthly account for the first few years, but by-and-by they can slide down hill on a cellar door and carry out articles of the house and trade them for a wooden sword or lose them in the grass."

"Do you know of any instances where the baby has attacked the household and killed or injured any one?" "Such incidents have been related by such eminent naturalists as Geo. Francis Train and Texas Jack, but we don't put much faith in them. However, if the baby was maliciously and persistently provoked there's no knowing what it might do."

"Are they a healthy animal?" "No. On the contrary, no drug-gist could make enough profit in a year to buy him a pair of Arctic overboots for the presence of the baby in every household. There is hardly an hour in the day that the baby does not demand peppermint, paregoric, milk, sugar, cordial, cod liver emulsion, epinec or something else costing money."

"What machinery is made use of to compel the baby to take a dose of castor oil?" "There are several patent machines for the purpose, but most people follow the old rule of knocking him senseless and getting the dose into his mouth before he recovers."

"Is the bald-headed baby more domestic than others?" "Not a bit. He kicks around after the same fashion, and has even a worse time fighting flies and mosquitoes."

"What music do they seem to prefer?" "A bass drum is their first choice, but they have a heavy leaning toward the sound of the stove-handle knocking the nose off the pitcher with the emptings in it." This is all about the baby. Take another look at him, for next week we shall write of some other reptile.

**Mr. Eppenstein's Babies.**  
Oil City Derrick.

Yesterday a reporter called at the store of Mr. Abraham Eppenstein to make some enquiries about the health of the three cherubims that his wife had presented him the night before.

"Well, how's everything?" asked the reporter, smiling broadly.

"Well, I feel pretty good all the while. Beeswax was pickin' up quick. I hate der largest assortment of goods vat vas ever brought—"

"The children—the babies?" interrupted the reporter; "I want to know something about the babies."

"Vat babies? Oh! dose dree little fellers vat come to see me last night? I wish you could say in your paper to-morrow dot Mr. Eppenstein's babies are like his goods—der best der market at-fords."

"And see here," called the happy father after the vanishing reporter, "root in a line at der bottom, and said, of you please, dot our popular merchant, Mr. Eppenstein, haf just returned from N. York mit a large stock of goods, vich he is almost givin' away on ackound of der hard times."

**Not Dead.**  
Washington Post.

For the first time in twenty-five years a democratic governor in Maine yesterday paid a visit to the first democratic senate that has been in session for nineteen years. And yet some people think the democratic party is dead.

## LEE TO THE REAR.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May, Broke through the Wilderness, cool and gray.

While, perched in the tree-tops, the birds Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Songs without words."

Far, from the haunts of men remote, The brook brawled on with a liquid note, And nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore The smile of the spring, as in Eden, of yore.

Battle by little, as daylight increased, And deepened the fuscate flash in the east, Little by little, did morning reveal Two long, glittering lines of steel;

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleamed, Tipped with the light of the earliest beam, And the faces are sullen and grim to see, In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun, Pealed on the silence, the opening gun— A little white puff of smoke there came, And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the Rebel lines, Where a breastwork stands in coupe of pines, Before the Rebels their ranks can form, The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes o'er the salient wave, Where many a hero has found a grave, And the gallant Confederates strive in vain, The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain!

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared— Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured— Slaughter, infernal, rode with despair, Furied twain, through the smoky air.

Not far off, in the saddle there sat, A grey-headed man, with a black slouch hat; Not much moved by the fire was he, Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye, On two bold Rebel brigades close by— Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease, Where the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bull-dog bay, The Yankee batteries blazed away, And with every murderous second that sped A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old grey-headed rode to the space, Where Death and his victims stood face to face, And silently waved his old slouch hat— A word of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!" This was what he seemed to say; And to the light of his glorious eye The bold brigades thus made reply—

"We'll go forward, but you must go back!"

And they moved not an inch in the perilous track; "Go to the rear, and we'll send them to hell!"

Then the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea, Barring the dykes in their onward, Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven, Their banners rent and their columns riven, Wherever the tide of battle rolled, Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset, out of crimson sky, Stained o'er a field of a ruddier dye, And the brook ran on with a purple stain, From the blood of ten thousands fallen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year, Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear, And the field in a richer green is drest, Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the Rebel drum, The sabres are sheathed, and the cannon are dumb, And Fate, with pitiless hand, has furled The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world;

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides, And down into history grandly rides, Calm and unmoved, as in battle he sat, The Grey-headed Man, in the black slouch hat.

—Crescent Monthly.

**The Stalwart Own Him.**  
Philadelphia Times.

It has for some time been suspected that Mr. Hayes is not his own president. As demoralizing as this suspicion is it will be confirmed by his veto of the army bill.

**Auditorial Item.**  
Jackson Clarion.

The auditor's books show that there was paid into the State treasury for the year 1878, on account of State tax, \$209,628 59. License to retail, \$130,130 62. General privileges, \$75,937 25. Railroad privileges, \$73,898 41. Banking, insurance and their companies, \$20,800 00.

## Statistics for Girls.

A young English statistician who was paying court to a lady thought to surprise her with his immense erudition. Producing his notebook, she thought he was about to indite a love sonnet, but was slightly taken aback by the following question:

"How many meals do you eat every day?"

"Why, three, of course; but of all the oddest questions—"

"Never mind, dear; I'll tell you all about it in a moment."

His pencil was rapidly at work. At last, fondly clasping her slender waist:

"Now, my darling, I've got it, and if you wish to know how much has passed through that adorable little mouth in the last seventeen years, I can give you the exact figures."

"Good gracious! What can you mean?"

"Now, just listen," said he, "and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain these charms which are to make the happiness of my life."

"But I don't want to hear."

"Ah, you are surprised, no doubt; but statistics are wonderful things. Just listen: You are now seventeen years old, so that in fifteen years you have absorbed—oxen or calves, 5; sheep and lambs, 14; chickens 327; ducks, 204; geese, 12; turkeys, 100; game of various kinds, 824; fishes, 160; eggs, 8,129; vegetables (bunches), 700; fruit (baskets), 103; cheese, 173; bread cake, etc. (in sacks of flour), 40; wine (barrels), 11; water (gallons), 3,000."

At this the maiden recoiled, and jumping up, exclaimed:

"I think you are very impertinent and disgusting beside, and I will not stay to listen to you!" upon which she flew into the house.

He gazed after her with an abstracted air, and left, saying to himself:

"If she kept talking at that rate twelve hours out of twenty-four, her jaws would in twenty years travel a distance of 1,332,124 miles. The maiden within two months, married a well-to-do green-grocer who was no statistician."

**Best Time to Plant the Following Seeds.**

Red clover, 60 lbs. per bushel, sow in March, April, September and October, 8 to 10 lbs. per acre.

Timothy, 45 lbs. per bushel, sow in March, April, September and October, 4 to 5 bushel per acre.

Red top, 14 lbs. per bush